

**The Evil Weevil.**

LAST year the boll weevil prevented the production of cotton valued at \$900,500,000, which must be a record for destruction caused by animals. It is a quarter of an inch in length, migrating from Mexico.

**Fiction Page****Brides for Good Convicts.**

THE most important India prison is at Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands. Male prisoners, mostly "lifers," conducting themselves properly for a sufficient term, are permitted to take a wife.

# THE FACE IN THE FOG - By Jack Boyle

Watch For This Story in the Near Future at Moore's Rialto, Featuring Lionel Barrymore.

By JACK BOYLE.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

FROM behind the struggling men a door opened and Boris appeared, revolver in hand. The instant his aim was sure he fired. Orloff's knees sagged and he clutched at his shoulder. Ivan, now freed from his foe's grapping arms, struck, and Orloff sank to the floor.

"Get rid of him, Boris," Ivan commanded triumphantly. "I'll take care of the girl."

He dragged Tatiana to her feet and was lifting her in his arms when Blackie burst open a door on one side of the room while Huk entered on the other. As Blackie seized Ivan, Boris, who was behind them, once more levelled his revolver and took careful aim.

Huk Kant knocked up the servant's arm as the bullet which would have terminated Blackie's part in the battle, as Orloff had been disposed of, was fired. In an instant Boris disarmed, was cowering beside his beaten master under the muzzle of the detective's gun.

"Thanks, Huk. Nice, quick work," was Blackie's grateful compliment. Then as he glimpsed the scene on the floor he whispered. "Look, Huk."

## CHAPTER XII. Endearments.

Tatiana was holding her lover in her arms and trying to bind up his wound with strips ripped from her gown while she murmured the endearments of a love

too great to care that it was confessing itself.

Not until Orloff was upon his feet with his wound dressed would the girl leave his side. Then she turned to the rescuers.

"May I introduce myself to you gentlemen, to whom I owe a life very dear to me and also my own safety?" she said, with a shudder as she looked toward Ivan. "I am Tatiana," as if the name fully identified her.

"Her Imperial Highness Tatiana of Russia," Orloff explained proudly.

"And I am Huk Kant, of the United States Secret Service," the detective rejoined. "This is my friend, called Boston Blackie."

"You are of the American Secret Service," exclaimed Tatiana. "Ah, then you have been driving my taxicabs and following me to find the jewels—the accursed Romanoff jewels that bring but sorrow and bloodshed into the lives of all who inherit them?"

"Precisely so," Huk Kant admitted, and Blackie, who knew him well, detected the regret that underlay his words.

"Orloff, did you recover the jewels tonight?" Tatiana demanded, and, as he shook his head, Blackie saw a light in her eyes which no man could have mistaken for sorrow. "Then I, too, have lost them. They were stolen by the treacherous swine who murdered my poor servant, Michael, at Coppa's restaurant. For the sake of all you have done for me and mine here, I wish I could give them to you; but



Count Orloff vows fealty to Grand Duchess Ta-Sherman and Seena Owen in a tender love scene. tania, though it cost him his life's happiness. Lowell

I cannot. Unless you find them they are gone beyond restoration." Blackie silently gestured toward

Tatiana and Orloff. She was sobbing with her face hidden against his shoulder.

"Too bad, I know, but what else could we do but return her what is her own, Blackie," Huk murmured.

"There is nothing else you could do, Huk," Blackie agreed.

As Boston Blackie drove back toward his apartment, Tatiana, whose burden of care seemed to be growing with each moment's thought, laid a slender hand upon Huk Kant's arm.

"Do you think me a criminal, Mr. Kant?" she asked.

"A criminal? No. A smuggler by proxy—I don't assert you're not justified—but aren't you that?" was the detective's reply.

"Yes, and may I tell you why? I do want you to know."

As Huk nodded assent, the girl's eyes took on the faraway, misty vision of one reliving unforgettable events, long past.

"On the day the Czar was deposed he gave the Grand Duke Nicholas Russia's crown jewels," Tatiana began. "For long months, though, they were securely hidden in the grand duke's summer home; they were our greatest danger, for roving bands of Terrorists, like Petrus, knew that some one among us must have them. Petrus' headquarters were near my uncle's castle. Count Ivan, traitorous officer in the Imperial Guard, became a Terrorist adviser, assuring us it was only so he could aid our cause by revealing the secrets of the brigands' inner council."

"I never trusted him. My

faith was placed in Michael, whose family had served ours for generations, and at my command he, too, pretended fealty to Petrus. Have you ever seen this man I name?"

"Then you know what a hideous, beast-like, civilly perverted creature he is," the girl continued. "One night as he and his most trusted lieutenants were swilling vodka at their headquarters, a messenger handed him a note from Ivan. Petrus read it and bellowed joyous news to his comrades. Ivan's note informed him the jewels were in my uncle's castle; that he was trying to induce the Grand Duke to entrust them and me to him.

panels and soon came the reply to their bid for entrance.

She entered, closely followed by the young man.

At this point Jimmy was seized with the desire to dash from those two and gamble with his freedom. Something seemed suddenly to have enveloped him in a horrible fit of fear.

"Mr. Lang," she began, "this gentleman is looking for a Mr. Lynch in this building."

She glanced toward Jimmy, who nodded. "Yes," he chimed in. "I'm trying to find Freddy Lynch of the 'Bugle.'"

Before he could say anything further she had pushed him into the middle of the room and slammed the door shut. With her back to the exit, she laughed.

"Thought I believed your story, didn't you? Thought I was as simple as I looked, hey? Well, I'm not. Hold that man, Mr. Lang. I found him in our apartment. I'll telephone the police."

The morning newspapers told in their bold, black headlines and their clever journalistic style the thrilling story of Senator Foster's daughter and her daring capture of a second-story man.

## THE MAN IN "77"

A STORY OF A GIRL'S DARING COUP  
What Happened When She Walked in on a Second-Story Worker Who Had the Folly to Believe Her.

By Sam Rebarber

IN the lobby of the Mathilde Arms, a fashionable West Side dwelling, the night operator had just informed a caller over the telephone that Senator Foster and his family had left for the opera and would not return until late.

Yet Apartment No. 77, supposedly empty, held a visitor. In the dark he was hardly discernible, save where his flashlight rent the blackness in an attempt to find the Senator's safe.

He was of medium height, bearded in a freshly tailored outfit. The soft, slouch hat was pulled down over his eyes, for this was Jimmy Dane's first venture.

He had barely reached the safe, when his heart stood still. Some one had slammed the elevator door outside and the footsteps seemed headed in the direction of this room.

Jimmy leaped toward the window and placed one foot upon the fire escape platform, but here he stopped. Four stories below pounding the pavement with his size twelve shoes, was Officer O'Toole. The burglar moved back from the window.

He placed his hand upon the wall switch and instantly the room was lighted. He removed his hat and set it upon the table. Then he sank into a chair and closed his eyes.

Into his presence strode a girl wearing a costly fur coat. Upon the finger of her right hand a diamond glistened. As she caught sight of him she came to a sudden halt.

"What are you doing here?" she questioned.

Doing here? Why this is Freddie Lynch's apartment, isn't it? He gave me his keys at the club and told me to wait for him, Freddie Lynch, the sport writer on the 'Bugle.' I—I must have

gotten into the wrong place. Doesn't Freddy Lynch live here? Are you his sister?"

"No, this is Senator Foster's apartment. I am his daughter. Mother and Dad went on to the opera, but I was caught with a severe headache and decided to return home. Funny, isn't it, that your key should fit our lock. They told us it was the only one of its kind. Yet mistakes will happen."

Jimmy realized that he must continue the conversation. "Yes," he stated, "that's exactly what puzzles me. The elevator man brought me up and allowed me to enter without asking questions. I'd like to wring the black scoundrel's neck. Really, I'm sorry I caused this inconvenience. I'll get out, but I must certainly beg your pardon. I am sorry, really I am."

He picked up his hat and buttoned the thin overcoat that he wore. This completed, he sought the ivory door knob.

"Wait a moment," the Senator's daughter reached his side. "Let me talk to the superintendent. He lives down below."

There was nothing to do but carry out her wish. Jimmy was beginning to congratulate himself upon his clever ruse. It was but a simple matter now. They would go to the superintendent's office. He would again excuse himself and leave.

They rang for the elevators. On the way down they chatted upon his glaring error. It seemed as though he were paying her a social visit, so friendly had she become. The elevator came to a halt on the first floor and they passed from it.

A tall, stately gentleman, who chanced by nodded to the girl and Jimmy doffed his hat accordingly. They were at the superintendent's door now. She knocked at the

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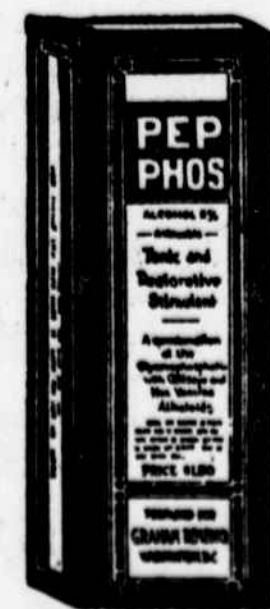
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